But by degree ſtand in authentique place :
Take but degree away, vntune that ſtring,
And harke what diſcord followes, each thing melts
In meere oppugnancie: the bounded waters
Should lift their boſomes higher then the ſhores,
And make a ſop of all this ſolid globe:
Strength ſhould be Lord of imbecilitie,
And the rude ſonne ſhould ſtrike his father dead.
Force ſhould be right or rather right and wrong,
(*Betweene whoſe endleſſe iarre Iuſtice recides*)
Should looſe their names, and ſo ſhould Iuſtice to?
Then euery thing include it ſelfe in power,
Power into will, will into appetite,
And appetite an vniuerſall Woolfe,
(So doubly ſeconded with will and power)
Muſt make perforce an vniuerſall prey,
And laſt eate vp himſelfe.
Great *Agamemnon*,
This *chaos* when degree is ſuffocate,
Followes the choaking.
And this neglection of degree it is,
That by a pace goes backward with a purpoſe
It hath to clime. The generalls diſdaind,
By him one ſtep below, he by the next,
That next by him beneath, ſo euery ſtep,
Exampl'd by the firſt pace that is ſick
Of his ſuperior, growes to an enuious feauer
Of pale and bloudleſſe emulation,
And 'tis this feauer that keepes Troy on foote,
Not her owne ſinnews. To end a tale of length,
Troy in our weakneſſe ſtands not in her ſtrength.
Neſtor. Moſt wiſely hath *Vliſſes* here diſcouerd,
The feuer whereof all our power is ſick.
Agamem. The nature of the ſickneſſe found, *Vliſſes*
What is the remedie?
Vliſſes. The great *Achilles* whom opinion crownes,
The ſinnow and the fore-hand of our hoſte,
Hauing his eare full of his ayrie fame,

Growes